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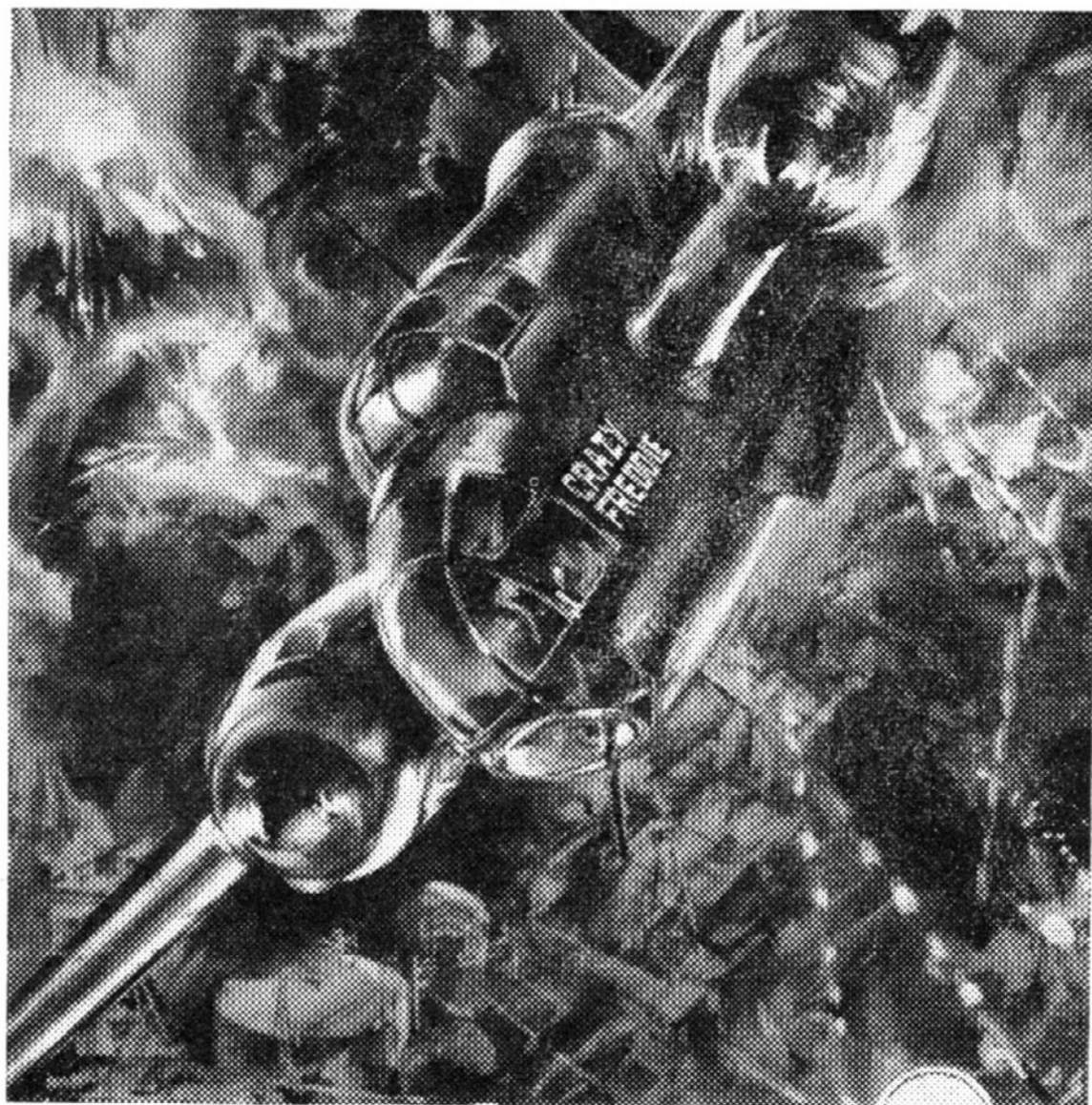
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Conquer— or Die!



Through the pounding flak of the savage enemy sky,
and then . . .

BOMBS GONE !



For tingling excitement, don't miss

AIR ACE PICTURE LIBRARY

THREE Issues Every Month !

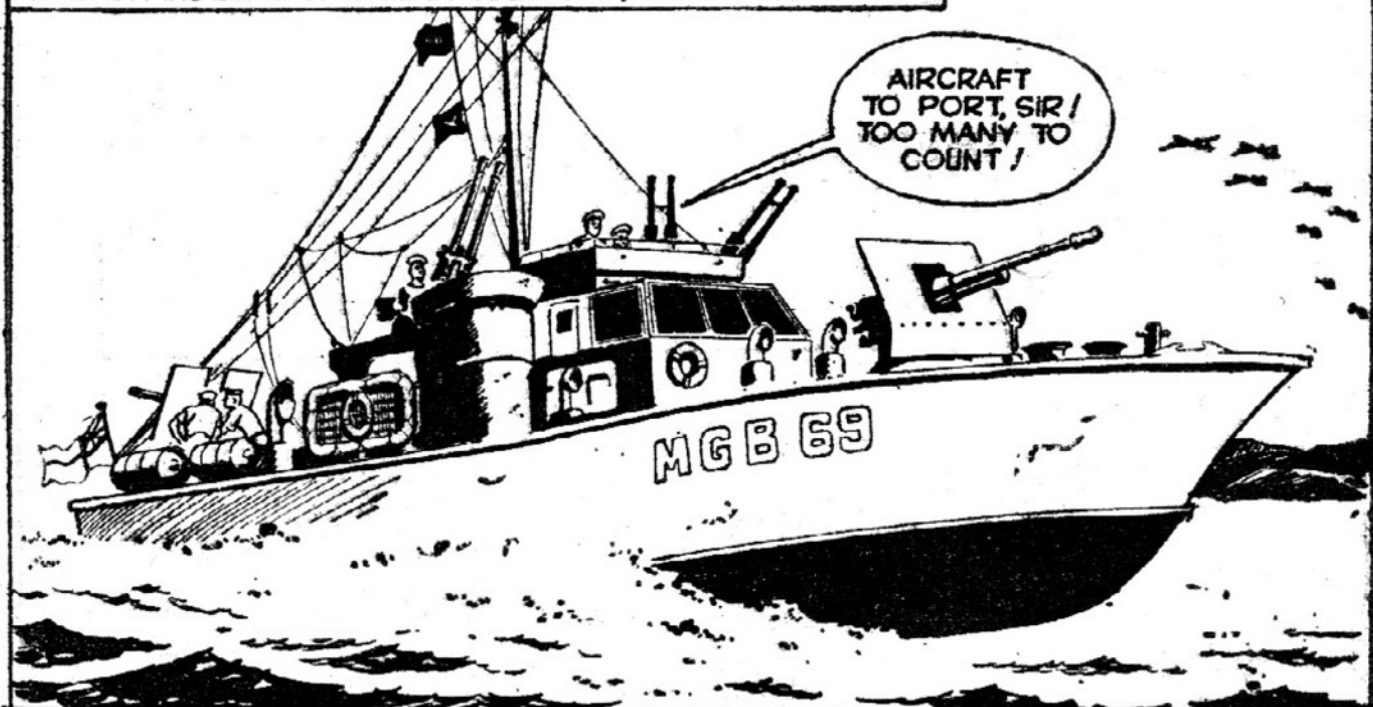
Conquer— or Die!

HURLED FROM THE GREEK PENINSULA BY AN OVERWHELMING WEIGHT OF GERMAN ARMOUR, THE PROUD REMNANTS OF A BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE RETREATED TO THE ISLAND OF CRETE. THERE, ON THE SUN-BAKED, MOUNTAINOUS MEDITERRANEAN ISLE, THEY FOUGHT ON... BRITON AND CRETAN TOGETHER... IN A DEADLY, NO-QUARTER-GIVEN WAR.



Chapter 1 AIRBORNE INVADERS

DAWN, MAY 1st, 1941. HIS MAJESTY'S MOTOR GUN BOAT 69 WAS ON ROUTINE PATROL IN SUDA BAY, CRETE....



M.G.B. 69's COMMANDER, LIEUTENANT DAVID SLADE, D.S.O., KNEW HE WATCHED THE VANGUARD OF THE MIGHTY GERMAN AIR ARMADA WHOSE MISSION WOULD BE THE CONQUEST OF CRETE....



THE GUN BOAT, A VETERAN OF THE GREEK PENINSULA INSHORE FIGHTING, WAS WELL ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HERSELF...



STEER
O-THREE-O! FULL
AHEAD BOTH! WE'RE
GOING IN TO SEE WHERE
THESE DEVILS
LAND!

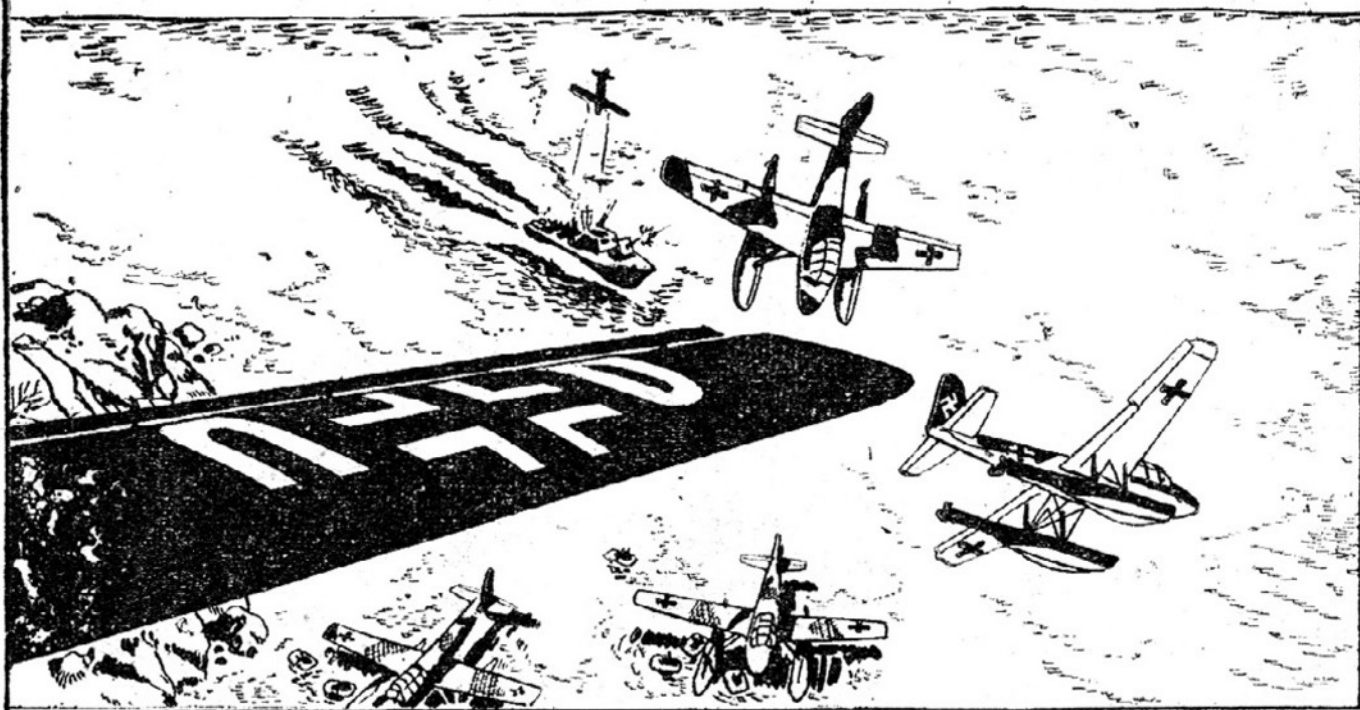
FLYING LOW AS THEY NEARED THE COAST, THE GERMAN AIR INVADERS ENCOUNTERED THE FIRST OF THE FIERCE RESISTANCE THEY WERE TO MEET... FROM A GALLANT LITTLE SHIP!



GOOD FOR
THE NAVY! THAT'S
SOME RECEPTION
THEY'VE GIVEN THOSE
HUNS!

Conquer—or Die!

WAVE AFTER WAVE OF THE AIRBORNE ASSAULT SWEEPED IN—AND AMONGST THEM WAS A SQUADRON OF TROOP-LANDING GLIDER—SEAPLANES. GUNS BLAZING, THE GUN-BOAT KNIFED THROUGH THE WATER TOWARDS THE ENEMY...



THOUGH SHE WAS DAMAGED BY NEAR MISSES, WITH CASUALTIES AMONG HER CREW, THE M.G.B. ROARED INTO THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY...



M.G.B. 69 CLEAVED A PATH OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE GLIDER-SEAPLANE SQUADRON...



BACK AND FORTH SHE SWEEPED, LEAVING A TRAIL OF WRECKAGE AND CURSING AIRBORNE TROOPS FLOUNDERING IN HER TURBULENT WAKE!



Conquer—or Die!

BUT THE GERMANS WERE TOUGH, BATTLE-HARDENED VETERANS — VICIOUSLY DETERMINED TO FIGHT BACK AT THEIR ATTACKER...



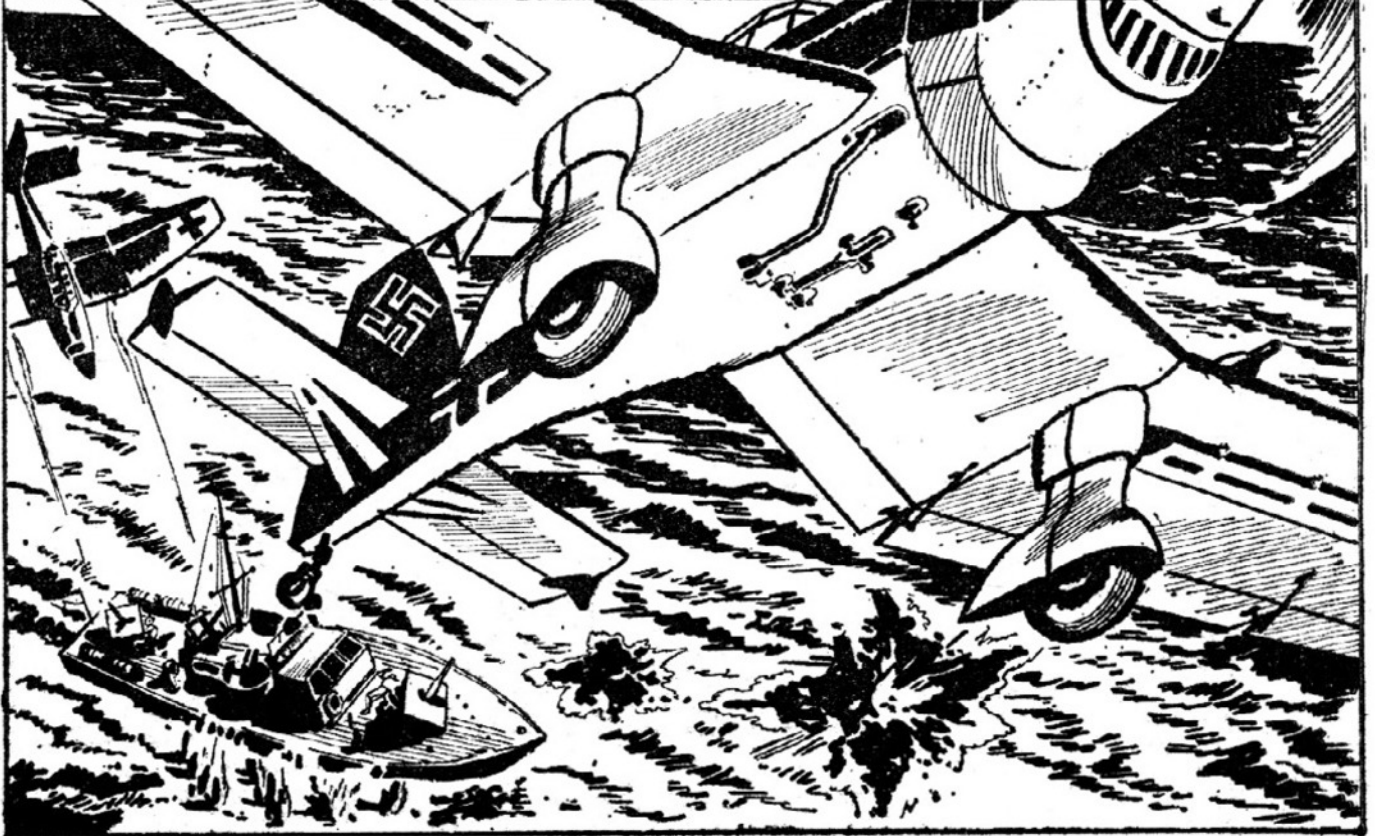
A WITHERING BLAST OF FIRE FROM SCHMEISSER MACHINE PISTOLS SWEEPED THE TINY BRIDGE, CUTTING DOWN THE SKIPPER AND THE RATING AT THE TWIN BROWNING'S. ONLY SUB-LIEUTENANT ANDERS ESCAPED, MIRACULOUSLY UNWOUNDED...



Conquer—or Die

7

SLADE SLUMPED TO THE DECK AND EVEN AS HE DID SO, STUKA DIVE-BOMBERS SCREAMED OUT OF THE SKY, SHARK-LIKE NOSES AIMED TERRIFYINGLY STRAIGHT AT THE VALIANT M.G.B.



IN A MOMENT THE GUN BOAT WAS MORTALLY HIT WITH A FIRE RAGING AMIDSHIPS AND THE PORT RAIL AWASH... AND ANDERS GAVE THE ORDER TO ABANDON SHIP.

QUICK, YOU LADS—GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE SKIPPER.

RAFTS OVERBOARD, SIR! AND I MADE SURE EVERYONE FIT IS FULLY-ARMED...!





AS THE GUN BOAT'S RAFTS PADDOLED FOR THE SHORE, THE BRITISH SEAMEN FOUND THEMSELVES IN DEADLY PERIL... BETWEEN THEM AND LAND WAS THE TOUGH ENEMY THEY HAD SO RUTHLESSLY ATTACKED!

KEEP GOING—WE'LL BLAST A WAY TO THE BEACH!



Conquer—or Die!

9

DESPITE FURTHER LOSSES, THEY REACHED THE SANDY BEACH—ONLY TO FIND A STRONG FORCE OF GERMAN PARATROOPERS ALREADY THERE.



FANATICAL NAZI SHOCK TROOPS HURLED THEMSELVES UPON THE HANDFUL OF BRITISH SEAMEN...



Conquer—or Die!

AFTER BEATING OFF REPEATED ENEMY ATTACKS, THE WEARY SURVIVORS STUMBLED INLAND AND FOUND A BRITISH ARMY POST. . . . TO LEARN THAT THE SITUATION ON THE ISLAND WAS DESPERATE.



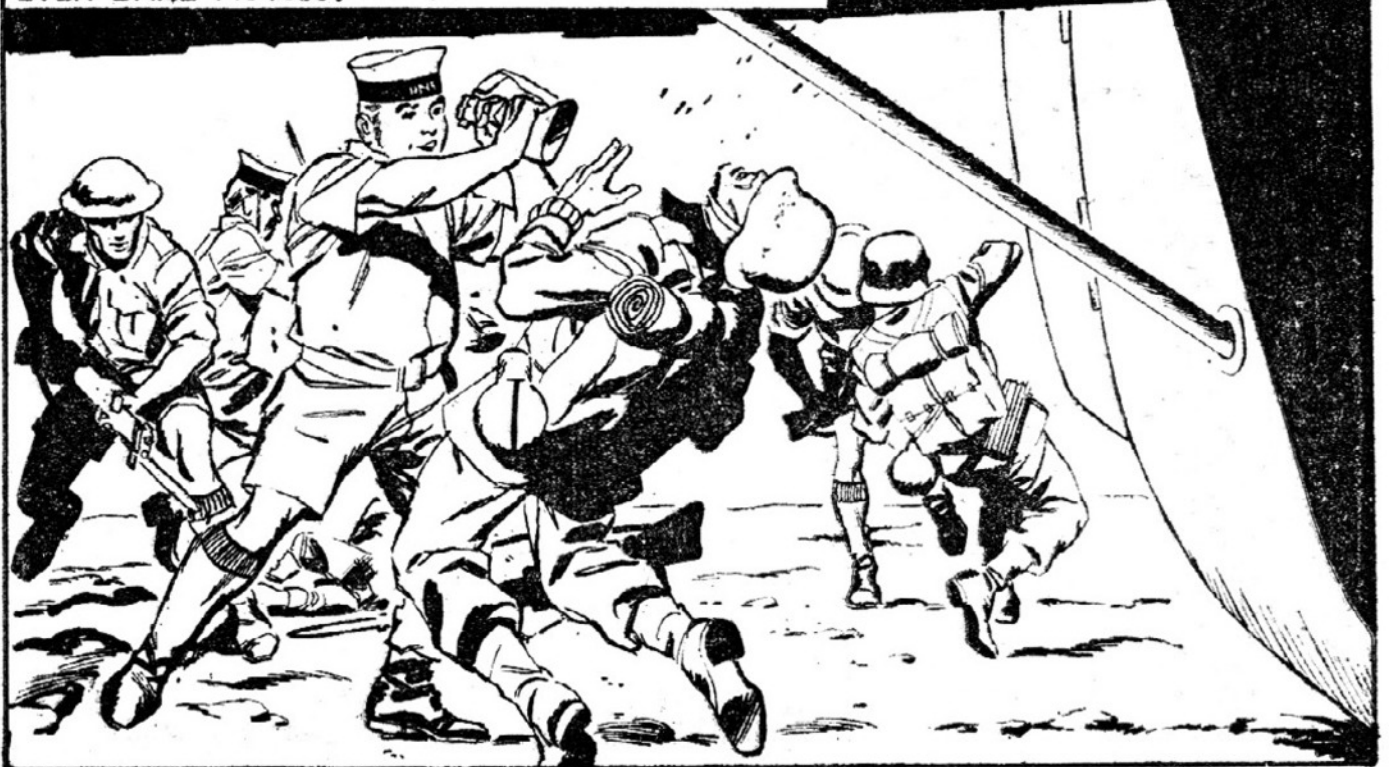
THE FITTEST OF THE GUN BOAT'S CREW ARMED THEMSELVES WITH WHAT WEAPONS THEY COULD FIND WHILE THE ARMY OFFICER TOOK HIS ORDERS.



A LAST DESPERATE ATTACK WAS MOUNTED AGAINST THE HUN INVADER...



THE INFANTRYMEN AND SAILORS, SIGNALLERS AND COOKS—ALL WERE IN THAT GLORIOUS CHARGE. THEIR AMMUNITION WAS SOON SPENT AND THEY ATTACKED WITH BAYONETS AND GUN-BUTTS AND EVEN BARE FISTS...



BUT SPIRIT AND DETERMINATION WERE NOT ENOUGH TO DEFEAT A RAPIDLY REINFORCED AND BETTER-EQUIPPED ENEMY...



THE MIXED GROUP OF SAILORS AND INFANTRYMEN STEELLED THEMSELVES FOR A LAST ATTACK AS A FRESH BATCH OF GLIDERS SWOOPED SILENTLY IN— AND THEN CAME A HURRIED COMMAND...



BULLETS THUDDING INTO THE SAND DUNES ALL ABOUT THEM AS THE NAVAL PARTY FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK FROM THE SHORE TO THE ORIGINAL DEFENCE POSITION. THERE SUB-LIEUTENANT ANDERS WAS GREETED BY MAJOR KERR...



ACCURATE MORTAR FIRE BEGAN TO ASSAIL THE POSITION AS THE WITHDRAWAL STARTED...



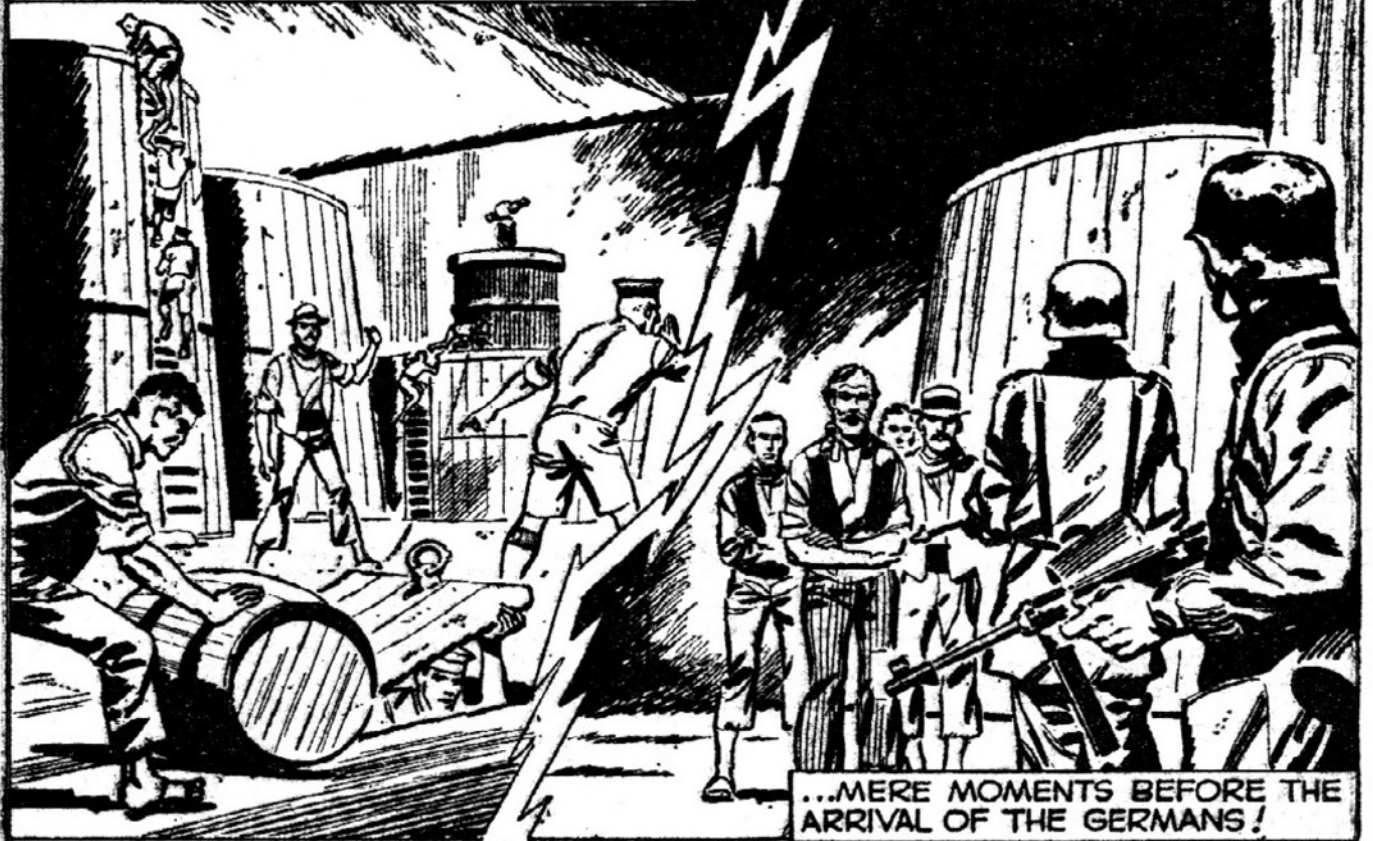
ANDERS INTENDED TO LEAVE NO ONE TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE INVADING PARATROOPS. STUMBLING AND FALTERING, THE EXHAUSTED SAILORS HELPED THEIR WOUNDED COMRADES ON A DESPERATE TREK INLAND— INTO A COUNTRY OF VINEYARDS AND HARSH ROCKY SLOPES.



FOUR MEN MET THE PITIFUL CAVALCADE AT THE BUILDING, A WINE PRESS. THEY WERE BRAVE CRETANS, WILLING TO RISK ALL TO AID THE STRANGERS WHO HAD COME TO DEFEND THEIR COUNTRY...



IN THE GREAT VATS, IN CELLARS, BEHIND BARRELS, THE MEN WERE CONCEALED...



...MERE MOMENTS BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMANS!

BREATHLESSLY, SCARCELY DARING TO BREATHE, THE HUNTED MEN WAITED...



MIRACULOUSLY, THE GERMAN PARTY, A FORWARD FIGHTING PATROL, WERE NOT THE MEN WHO HAD PURSUED THE ESCAPING BRITISHERS. THEY DID NOT SEARCH!

YOUR WINE IT IS EXCELLENT! BE SURE I WILL RETURN FOR MORE. FOUR OF MY PATROL WILL REMAIN HERE TO MAKE SURE YOU ARE NOT TROUBLED BY ENGLANDER SWINE...



MORE WINE, OLD MAN! JUMP, WHEN A GERMAN ORDERS!

YES, SIR... I HAVE A BOTTLE FOR YOU!



THE FOUR GERMANS WHO REMAINED WERE WELL TAKEN CARE OF...

HERE'S YOUR WINE, GERMAN DOG!



Conquer—or Die!

17

NO TIME WAS WASTED IN MOVING ON BEFORE THE RETURN OF THE ENEMY PATROL. THE CRETANS, WISE IN THE MOUNTAIN PATHS OF THEIR ISLAND, GUIDED THE SURVIVORS TO WHERE THEY PRAYED THE BRITISH LINE HELD FIRM. THEY STRUGGLED ON... TO MEET AT LAST FRIENDLY FACES.



ON A NARROW STRIP OF BEACH, THE DEFENDERS HASTILY LOADED THEIR WOUNDED INTO SHIP'S BOATS BEFORE THE BATTLE TO THE DEATH COMMENCED...



Conquer—or Die!

THE WAITING DESTROYER, EVERY GUN BLAZING AT THE STUKAS, WAS UNDER SAVAGE ATTACK... SHE CIRCLED AND TURNED EVASIVELY, AS THE HEAVILY-LADEN BOATS CRAWLED SLOWLY ACROSS THE SEA TOWARDS HER.

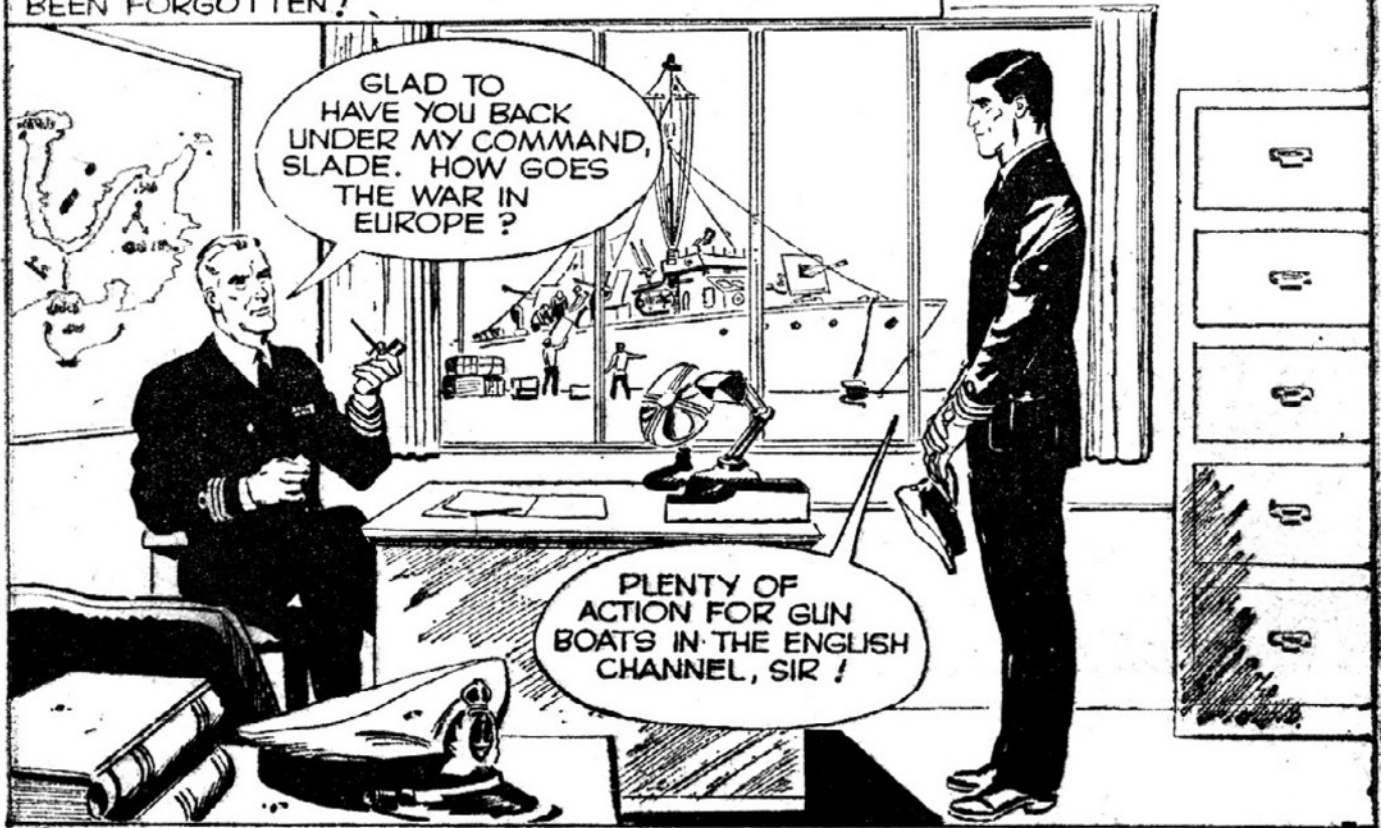


SUB-LIEUTENANT ANDERS, FARGO, GLENN AND A SMALL GROUP OF VOLUNTEERS WATCHED IN SILENCE AS THE BOATS DEPARTED.



Chapter 2 RENDEZVOUS-CRETE

GRIM YEARS OF WAR PASSED... YEARS IN WHICH THE CONFLICT BECAME TRULY WORLD-WIDE. BY 1944, CRETE HAD BEEN LONG UNDER THE NAZI HEEL—BUT HER SPIRIT REMAINED UNBROKEN. AND SHE HAD NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN!



THIS TRIP YOU AVOID ACTION! YOU'LL BE CARRYING ENOUGH ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW YOUR BOAT SKY HIGH IF YOU TAKE A CANNON SHELL. THOSE SUPPLIES MUST REACH THE PATRIOTS WHO AWAIT THEM. YOUR DESTINATION—
CRETE!



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER SLADE'S FACE LIT UP AT THE INFORMATION...



GETTING THAT CARGO SAFELY TO THE GUERRILLA FIGHTERS OF THE MADARAS MOUNTAINS WILL BE ENOUGH. SEE YOU DO IT! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT THEM FOR YEARS... NOW ONE OF OUR AGENTS HAS ARRANGED A RENDEZVOUS! OPEN THESE ORDERS WHEN YOU ARRIVE OFF CAPE KRIO...



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, SOUTH OF CAPE KRIO, MOTOR GUN BOAT 172 WAITED, ENGINES IDLING, AT THE RENDEZVOUS GIVEN IN SLADE'S SEALED ORDERS. TWENTY MINUTES HAD PASSED OVER THE APPOINTED TIME... AND WITH EVERY EXTRA MINUTE THE TENSION MOUNTED!



IT COULD ONLY BE THE ENEMY!



IT'S A
WHOLE LINE
OF BOATS, SIR!
AN E-BOAT
FLOTILLA!

LET'S HOPE
OUR SHAPE MERGES
WITH THE LAND...
IF THEY SPOT US...
STAND BY FOR A
CRASH START!

MINUTES, EACH ONE AN ETERNITY,
ELAPSED AS THE E-BOAT PROCESSION
PASSED TO SEAWARD OF THE GUN BOAT,
THE POWERFUL ROAR OF THEIR ENGINES
ECHOING ACROSS THE DARK WATERS!



THE GERMAN FLOTILLA DISAPPEARED OVER THE HORIZON
AND THEN A LIGHT WINKED IN THE DARKNESS...



A LIGHT,
SIR — MAKING
OUR RECOGNITION
SIGNAL!

GOOD
SHOW! THEY
MUST HAVE
BEEN PLAYING
TAG WITH
THOSE NAZI
SCHNEELLBOOTS!

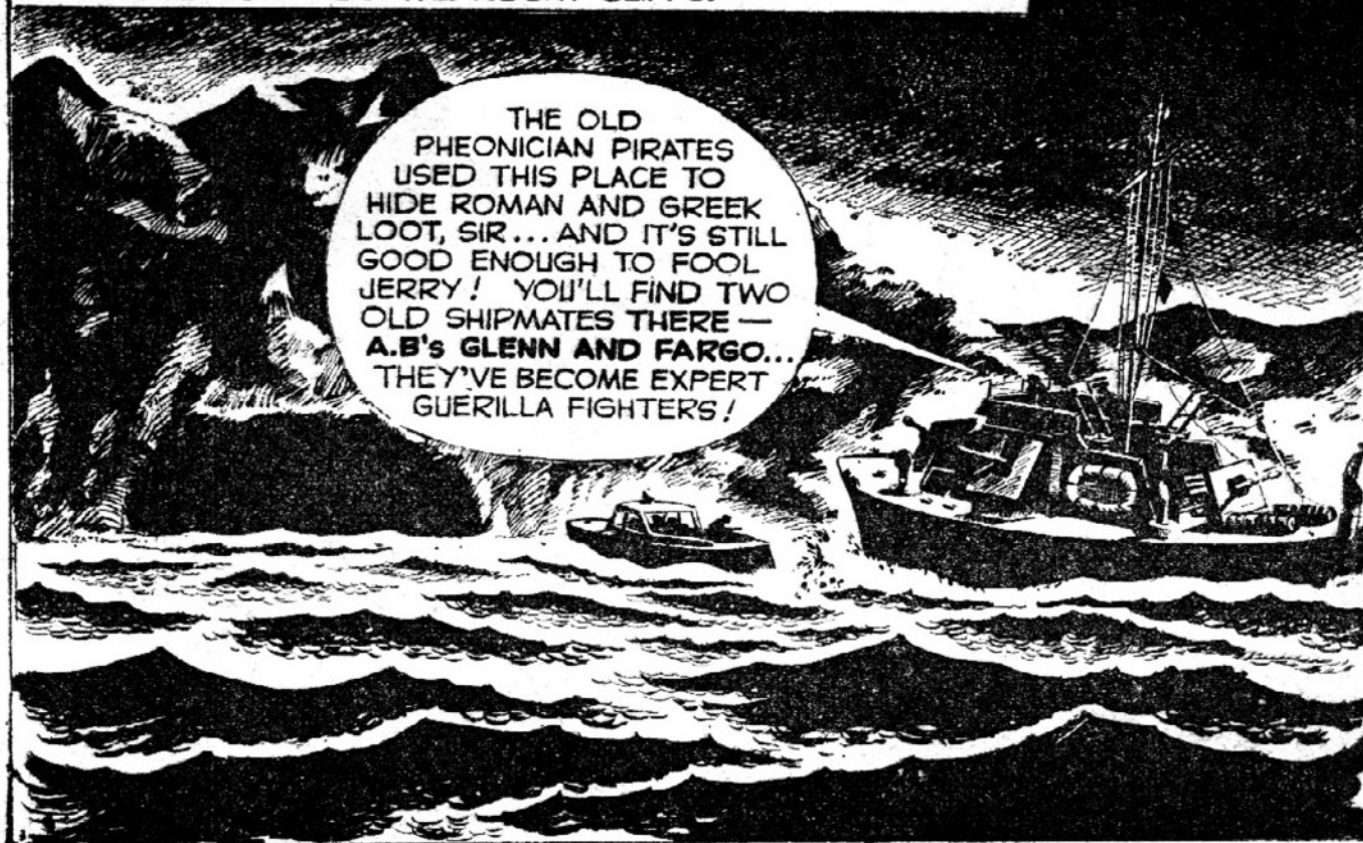
THE MOON CAME OUT FROM BEHIND THE CLOUDS FOR A MOMENT AS A SMALL MOTOR BOAT DREW ALONGSIDE... AND TWO GOOD FRIENDS AND COMRADES WERE UNITED AFTER LONG WAR YEARS!



ANDERS...
BY THUNDER!
YOU'RE THE TERROR
OF THE MADARAS
MOUNTAINS WE CAME
TO CONTACT!

HALLO, SKIPPER -
IT'S GREAT TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!

NO TIME WAS WASTED OFF THE HOSTILE SHORE, THE M.G.B. FOLLOWING CLOSE IN THE WAKE OF THE MOTOR BOAT AS IT HEADED TOWARDS THE ROCKY CLIFFS.



THE OLD
PHEONICIAN PIRATES
USED THIS PLACE TO
HIDE ROMAN AND GREEK
LOOT, SIR... AND IT'S STILL
GOOD ENOUGH TO FOOL
JERRY! YOU'LL FIND TWO
OLD SHIPMATES THERE -
A.B.'s GLENN AND FARGO...
THEY'VE BECOME EXPERT
GUERILLA FIGHTERS!

BUT GRIM BUSINESS WAS ON HAND AND NO TIME COULD BE WASTED ON THE PLEASANTRIES OF A RE-UNION...

WE'LL MAKE USE OF THOSE ARMS TONIGHT... **WITHIN THE HOUR!**

BUT WE'VE A WHOLE CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES FOR SABOTAGE WHICH MUST BE UNLOADED...



SORRY, SIR! NO TIME AT PRESENT TO UNLOAD MORE THAN THE GUNS AND SOME AMMO... WE LEAVE TO ATTACK THE GERMAN JAIL AT KRESS RIGHT AWAY. FOUR OF MY MEN ARE HELD THERE... **AND IT'S LIFE OR DEATH FOR THEM!**

THE GERMAN GARRISON TROOPS ARE DUG IN BEFORE THE BUILDING OUR FRIENDS ARE IN, ALREADY WITHSTANDING A FRONTAL ATTACK BY MY FORCES. BUT THE REST OF US ARE GOING IN **THE BACK DOOR** BY MOTOR BOAT! THE PRISON IS RIGHT BY THE DOCKSIDE. TWO OF THE MEN WHO WILL HANG AT DAWN HID YOU AND I AT THAT WINE PRESS AT SUDA SO LONG AGO...





TAILING THE MOTOR BOAT, M.G.B. 172 NOSED FORWARD TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE TINY HARBOUR, TO BE MET WITH INSTANT OPPOSITION.



MEANWHILE, AS PART OF A PLAN TO DECEIVE THE ENEMY, A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE RAGED BEFORE THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE TOWN PRISON.

FORWARD, MEN! KEEP THE HUN DOGS BUSY FOR A LITTLE WHILE YET!



THE RISING DIN OF BATTLE INSIDE THE LITTLE FISHING PORT REACHED THE GUN BOAT...

FOUR MINUTES GONE, SIR! BATTLE SEEMS TO BE SPREADING ALL OVER THE HARBOUR AREA...

ENGINES HALF AHEAD! FOR'ARD GUN FIRE STAR SHELL OVER THE DOCK BUILDINGS! WE'RE GOING IN TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!



THE BURSTING STAR SHELL BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED THE PORT... REVEALING THE MOTOR BOAT ASSAULT PARTY PINNED DOWN BY HEAVY FIRE, CLOSE TO WHERE THEY HAD GONE ASHORE.



GUNBOATS WERE WELL NAMED AND 172 WAS NO EXCEPTION. HER QUICKFIRING ARMAMENT RUTHLESSLY SILENCED THE ENEMY....

GOOD FOR THE SKIPPER!
NOW LET'S GET ON
WITH THE JOB WE
CAME TO SEE
THROUGH...



COVERED BY A BLANKET OF FIRE FROM THE GUN BOAT, THE LANDING PARTY DOUBLED ACROSS TO THE REAR OF THE PRISON...



GOOD WORK, GEORG! YOU'VE ALL DONE MORE THAN I COULD ASK OF YOU! NOW BACK TO YOUR MEN—TEN MORE MINUTES... THEN YOU CAN WITHDRAW TO THE MOUNTAINS...



BUT THE FORTRESS-LIKE REAR OF THE OLD PRISON PRESENTED A TOUGH OBSTACLE. BUILT TO HOLD PEOPLE ON THE INSIDE—IT WAS EQUALLY EFFICIENT AT KEEPING THEM OUT!



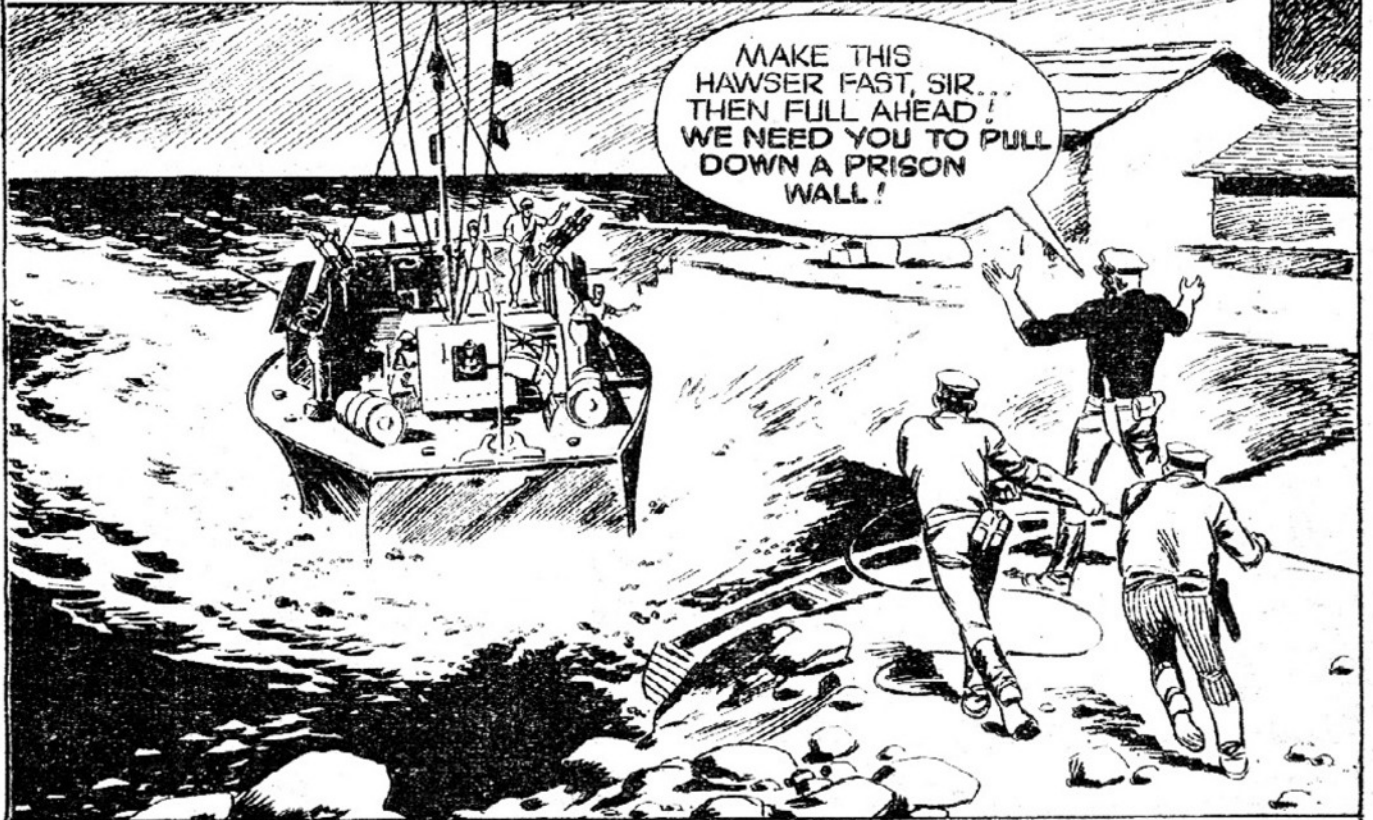
THE TWO SEAMEN SEARCHED THE QUAY AND RETURNED MOMENTS LATER BEARING A LENGTH OF WIRE HAWSER THEY HAD DISCOVERED.



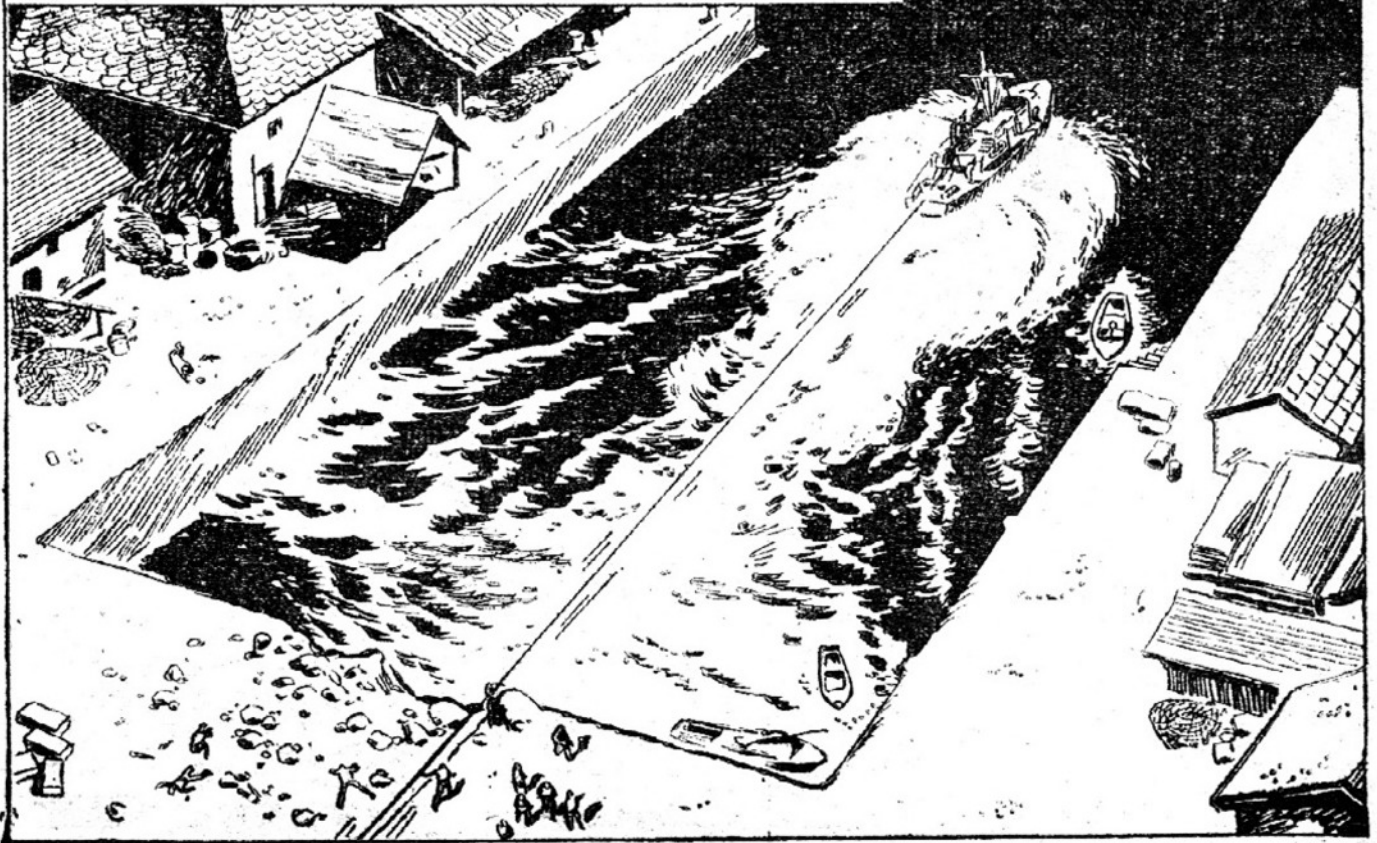
FARGO CLAMBERED ATOP THE OTHERS' SHOULDERS TO REACH THE HIGH WINDOW—AND SUDDENLY THE HARSH GLARE OF A SEARCHLIGHT FOUND THEM...



THE LIGHT WAS QUICKLY SNUFFED OUT AND ON AN URGENT HAIL FROM ANDERS, SLADE BROUGHT HIS BOAT ALONGSIDE THE HARBOUR WALL...



M.G.B 172 TOOK UP THE SLACK AND THE POWERFUL ENGINES THROBBED INTO THUNDEROUS LIFE.



FOR A TENSE SPLIT-SECOND THE TAUT WIRE
QUIVERED AT BREAKING POINT... THEN...



DECEIVED BY THE FURY OF THE FRONTAL ATTACK, THE FEW GERMAN GUARDS WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE AT THE SUDDENNESS OF THE INTRUSION.

TAKE US
TO THE CELLS,
SCHNELL! HURRY!
IT'S LIBERATION
DAY!



SOON BRAVE MEN WHO HAD BEEN FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH FOUND THEMSELVES AMONG FRIENDS ONCE AGAIN.

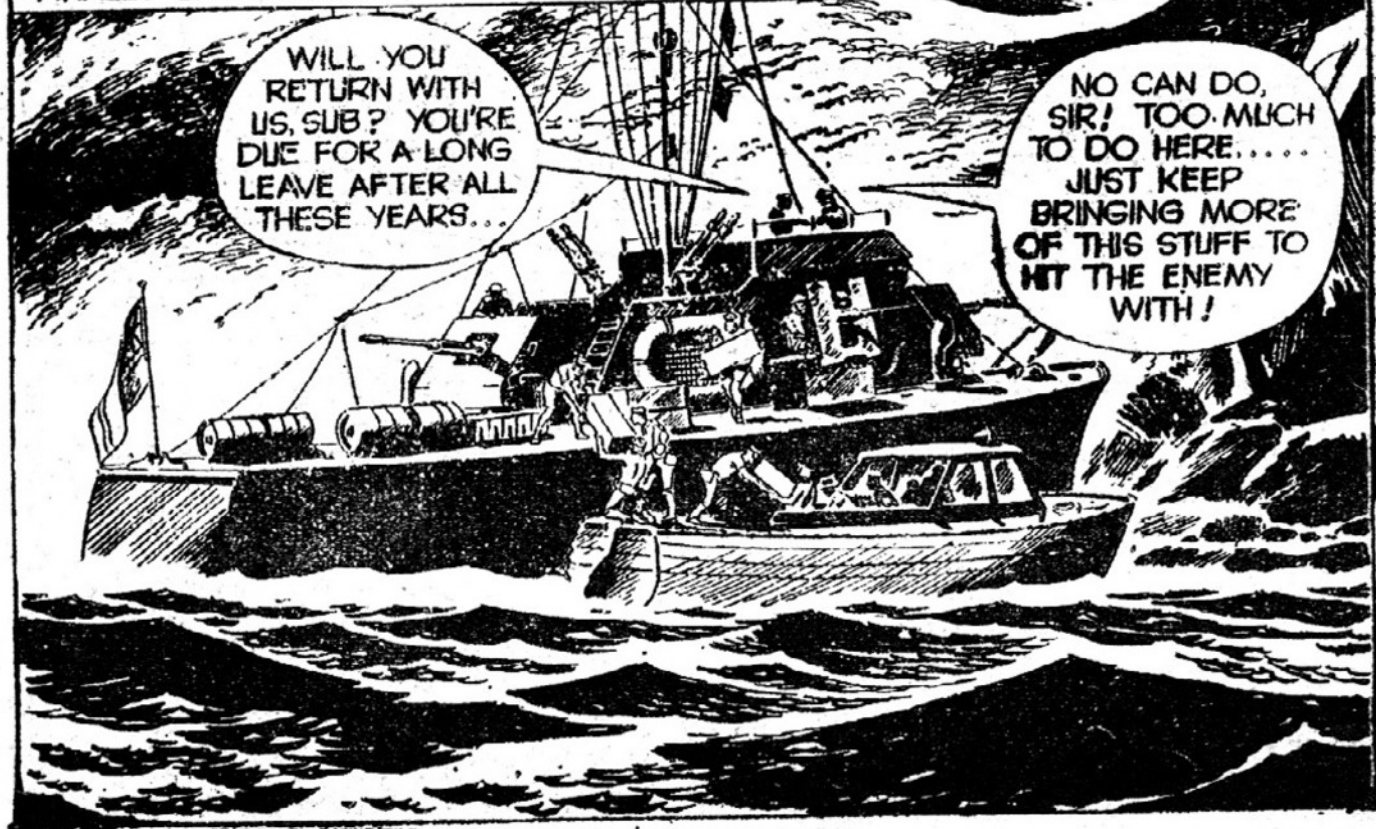


AT THE
DOUBLE, MEN...
DOWN TO THE
QUAY...TIME TO
REJOICE LATER!

UNDER FIRE FROM THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS, THE REPRIEVED MEN AND RESCUERS RACED ACROSS THE COBBLED QUAY...



LATER, IN THE SHELTER OF LAND SOME MILES AWAY, THE REST OF THE GUN BOAT'S CARGO WAS FINALLY UNLOADED...



Chapter 3 THE BAITED TRAP

ENCOURAGED AND STRENGTHENED BY OUTSIDE AID, THE PATRIOT MOVEMENT IN SOUTH-WEST CRETE BECAME A FORCE THE GERMAN OCCUPIERS COULD NOT IGNORE....



...THE WEHRMACHT FOUND THEY HAD A FULL-SCALE WAR ON THEIR HANDS...

AT THE GERMAN H.Q., THE NAZI MILITARY GOVERNOR THUNDERED HIS DISPLEASURE AT HIS STAFF OFFICERS...



...THREE RECENT CONVOYS AMBUSHED IN THE MOUNTAINS! OVER THREE HUNDRED MEN KILLED OR WOUNDED! BOOTY CAPTURED FROM US! HOSTAGES RELEASED UNDER OUR VERY NOSES! NOT A PRETTY STORY, GENTLEMEN! AND OUR NUMEROUS PATROLS COMPLETELY FAIL TO FIND THE ENEMY CAMP EVERY TIME!

THE GENERAL'S AUDIENCE WAS SILENT AND ABASHED...

THIS IS A REQUEST I HAVE RECEIVED FOR A FULL REGIMENT TO BE RELEASED FOR SERVICE ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. I CANNOT REFUSE ORDERS FROM BERLIN! THEREFORE WE MUST END THIS LOCAL TROUBLE... AT ONCE!



WE COULD HANG A NUMBER OF THESE MOUNTAIN VILLAGERS, SIR! MIGHT LOOSEN A FEW TONGUES...

WE'VE TRIED THAT DUMPKOPF! WE ARE SOLDIERS — NOT EXECUTIONERS!



I ALREADY HAVE A PLAN IN OPERATION, HERR GENERAL! PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO HEAR OF IT..?

THE GESTAPO OFFICER UNFOLDED THE SCHEME HE HAD SET IN MOTION...

...ONE, KALAKOS, A CRETAN WHO HAS COLLABORATED USEFULLY WITH ME BEFORE, IS AT THIS MOMENT BEING PLANTED AMONG THE PATRIOTS OF MADARAS...!



THE SCHEME WAS DEVILISH IN ITS CUNNING....

I THINK IT'S TIME WE HALTED FOR A REST AND SOME OF THAT WATER, KALAKOS...



MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOUR MEN, HERR LEUTNANT BUT REMEMBER MAJOR STORM'S ORDERS—WE MUST KEEP THIS REALISTIC—YOU ARE MERE PRISONERS! REMEMBER—THERE MAY BE WATCHING EYES UPON US EVEN NOW!

THE TRAITOR, KALAKOS, DID NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE TYPE OF MEN HE WAS OUT TO TRAP...



D'YOU SEE WHAT I DO, GEORG? WHO THE DEVIL ARE THOSE PARTISANS WITH THE JERRY PRISONERS?

I DO NOT KNOW THEM.... THEY ARE NOT MADARAS MEN. LIEUTENANT ANDERS SHOULD BE TOLD OF THIS...



ON YOUR WAY, GEORG! TELL LIEUTENANT ANDERS I'M GOING TO TAIL THIS LOT. I'LL REPORT BACK BEFORE SUNDOWN...

NEWS OF THE NEW PATRIOT GROUP IN THE DISTRICT HELPED ANDERS TO FIT TOGETHER THE PARTS OF A PUZZLE—NAMES, WHO HAD DESTROYED THE GERMAN VEHICLES BELOW HIM?

GLENN IS FOLLOWING THEM...

PERHAPS THEY HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM THE NORTH AND HOPE TO FIND REFUGE IN OUR MOUNTAINS.

THEY ARE MEN OF CRETE ANYWAY. WE WILL WAIT FOR GLENN TO REPORT—IF THEY'VE COME TO HELP US BEAT THE ENEMY—WE WILL WELCOME THEM!

KALAKOS SWAGGERINGLY LED HIS PROCESSION OF SUPPOSED PRISONERS INTO A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE SUSPECTED OF AIDING THE PATRIOT FIGHTERS.

GOOD! HERE COMES THE VILLAGE HEADMAN! AND THIS IS WHERE YOU GET LOCKED UP FOR A SPELL, HERR LEUTNANT! BUT DO NOT WORRY—YOUR WEAPONS WILL BE WITH YOU!



KALAKOS AND HIS PARTY OF TRAITORS BEGAN THE NEXT PHASE OF THE GERMAN PLAN...TO BECOME BENEFACTORS TO THE HUNGRY VILLAGERS...

WE WELCOME THIS AID, FRIEND...BUT IT WILL BE DANGEROUS FOR US ALL IF YOU REMAIN MORE THAN A SHORT TIME!

DO NOT WORRY, OLD ONE! SOON WE LEAVE TO JOIN THOSE IN THE MOUNTAINS...

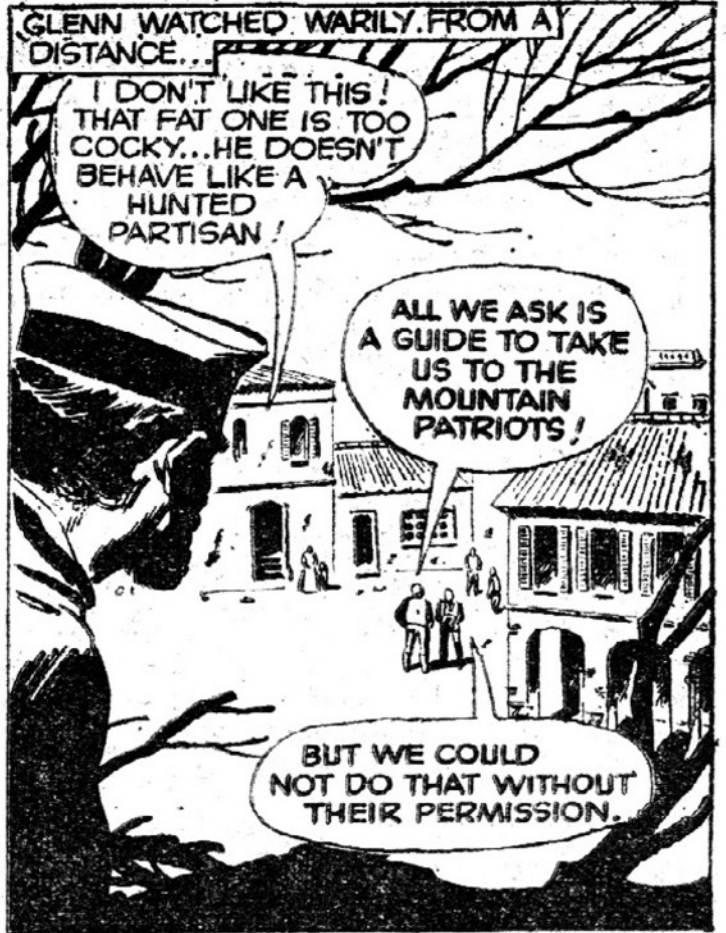


GLENN WATCHED WARILY FROM A DISTANCE...

I DON'T LIKE THIS! THAT FAT ONE IS TOO COCKY...HE DOESN'T BEHAVE LIKE A HUNTED PARTISAN!

ALL WE ASK IS A GUIDE TO TAKE US TO THE MOUNTAIN PATRIOTS!

BUT WE COULD NOT DO THAT WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION.



GLENN'S KEEN EYES COULD NOT PENETRATE THE WALL OF THE MAKESHIFT VILLAGE JAIL THAT HELD THE GERMAN "HOSTAGES".

PHASE ONE COMPLETED SUCCESSFULLY—WE ARE AT THE VILLAGE. WARN H.Q. WE WILL CALL FOR PARACHUTISTS WHEN READY...



THE MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED IN A CUNNINGLY CONCEALED POSITION NOT FAR AWAY...

SIGNALLER! RELAY TO COMMAND... PHASE ONE ACCOMPLISHED! STAND BY FOR DEFINITE NEWS OF ENEMY STRONGHOLD!

ABLE SEAMAN GLENN WAS HURRYING BACK TO REPORT HIS OBSERVATIONS...

...AND STUMBLED UPON THE ENEMY WIRELESS POSITION!



THE GERMAN SIGNALLERS' SURPRISE LASTED A FATAL SPLIT SECOND LONGER THAN THE BRITISH SAILOR'S...

SIGNAL POST... A WHOLE NEST OF JERRIES! THIS TIES UP WITH THAT PHONEY PATRIOT!



THE GUN CLATTERED INTO SILENCE AND GLENN SPUN ON HIS HEEL AND FLUNG HIMSELF DOWN A NARROW GOAT TRACK...

SCHMITT! KRAMER! FOLLOW HIM! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!



BACK AT THE VILLAGE, KALAKOS AND HIS MEN WERE STARTLED TO HEAR UNEXPECTED SHOTS IN THE DISTANCE...

TWO OF YOU COME WITH ME... WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!



THE COLLABORATORS WERE IN TIME
TO SEE GLENN FALL WOUNDED...

AAAGH!

SO —
OUR FRIENDS
ARE PATRIOT
HUNTING! IT IS
ALWAYS IN SEASON
IN THESE MOUNTAINS...

GLENN LAY SPRAWLED IN THE DUST,
CERTAIN THAT HIS LAST HOUR HAD
COME...

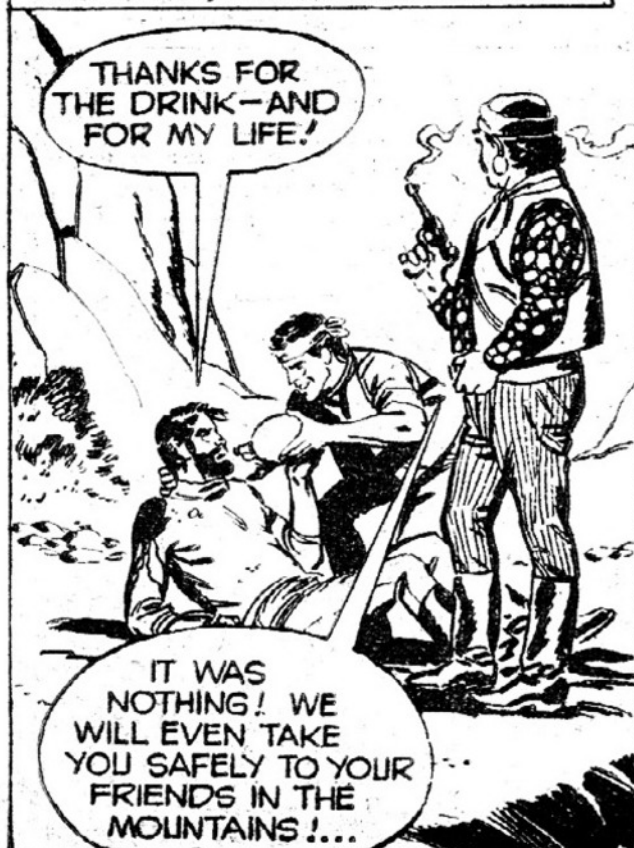
I'LL FINISH
HIM OFF!

THAT WOUNDED MAN
MAY BE OF USE TO FURTHER
OUR PLAN.... HE COULD GUIDE
US TO HIS CAMP IF THAT OLD
FOOL IN THE VILLAGE STILL
REFUSES. QUICK! CUT
DOWN THOSE
GERMANS!

THERE WAS NOT A VESTIGE OF PITY IN THE BLACK HEART OF KALAKOS AS HE AND HIS MEN FIRED UPON THE GERMANS THEY HAD TAKEN SIDES WITH!



THE CRETAN TRAITOR TRIED HARD, TOO HARD, TO APPEAR FRIENDLY...



BUT GLENN WAS NOT ONE TO BE EASILY FOOLED...



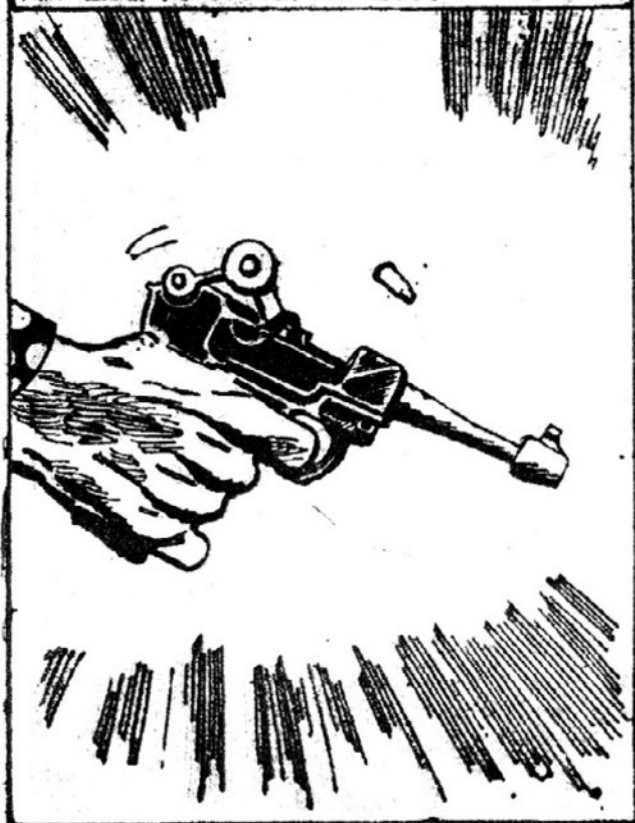
RAGE AND HATRED SUDDENLY BLAZED INTO LIFE IN THE CRETAN'S EYES—BUT THREATS COULD NOT MAKE GLENN CO-OPERATE.



DO YOUR WORST, FATSO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO SHOW YOU THE PATRIOT CAMP! YOU KILLED YOUR GERMAN PALS FOR NOTHING!

BRITISH DOG! I'LL FINISH THEIR JOB FOR THEM! **DIE!**

THE CRETAN'S TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENED—ONE SHOT RANG OUT—THEN THE FIRING-PIN CLICKED ON AN EMPTY MAGAZINE...



IN A FURY OF FRUSTRATION, KALAKOS SENT THE APPARENTLY LIFELESS GLENN HURLING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SLOPE WITH A SAVAGE KICK OF HIS HEAVY BOOT.

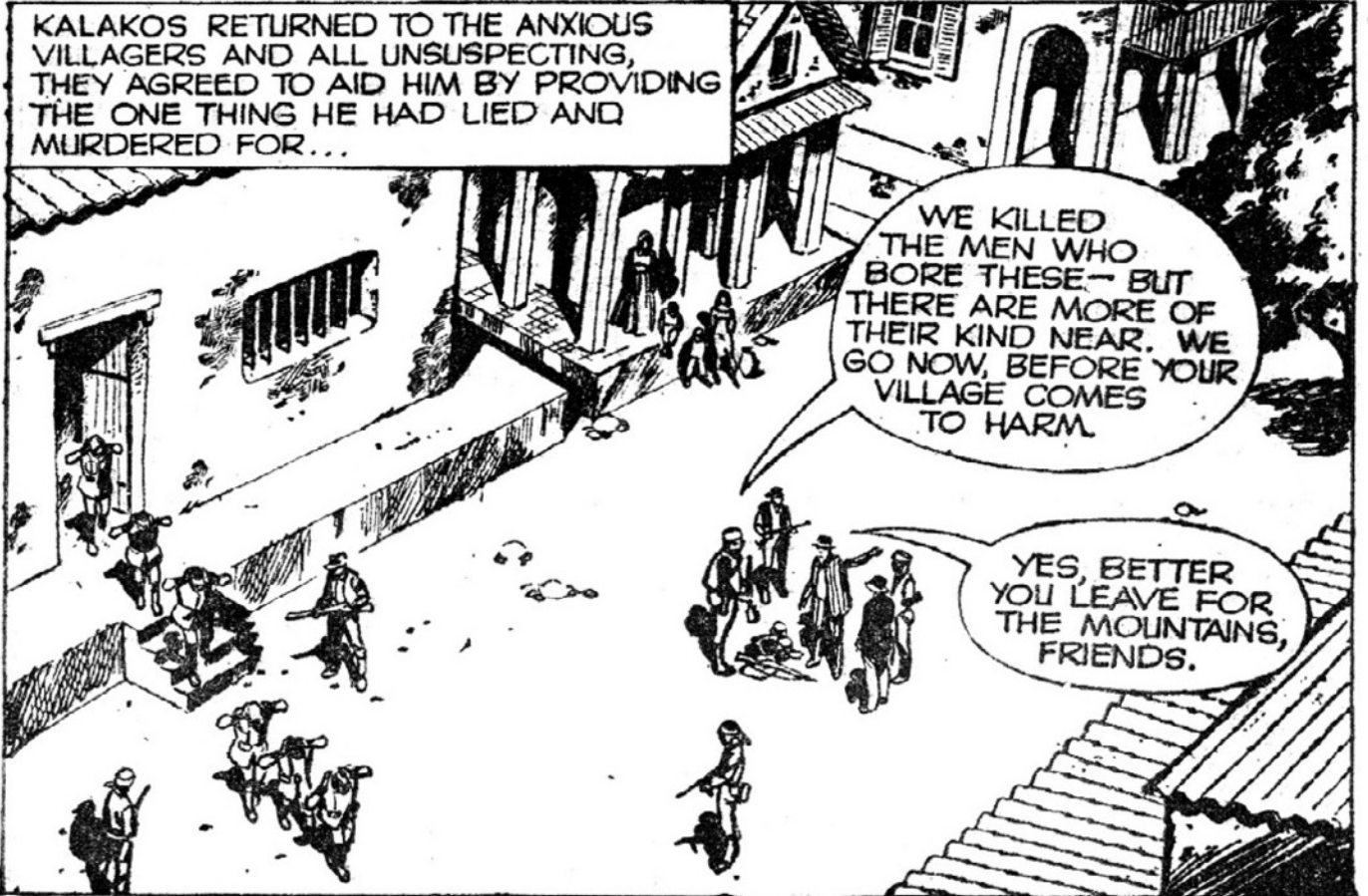


CURSED GUN... BUT THE BRITISHER WILL DIE FROM HIS FALL! NOW WE MUST TRICK THOSE STUPID VILLAGERS INTO HELPING US!

GLENN PLUNGED, SENSELESS, DOWN THE STEEP AND RUGGED SLOPE, REBOUNDED FROM BOULDERS AND CRASHING THROUGH THORNY THICKETS...



KALAKOS RETURNED TO THE ANXIOUS VILLAGERS AND ALL UNSUSPECTING, THEY AGREED TO AID HIM BY PROVIDING THE ONE THING HE HAD LIED AND MURDERED FOR...



THE OLD HEADMAN OF THE VILLAGE CALLED FORWARD A GUIDE TO ESCORT KALAKOS AND HIS TREACHEROUS BAND.

WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE THE BRAVE MAN WHO WORE THIS CAP—HE ASKED ME BEFORE HE DIED TO TELL HIS COMRADES IN THE MOUNTAINS THAT HE DIED FIGHTING FOR CRETE!

MY FRIEND HERE WILL GUIDE YOU AND YOUR MEN TO LIEUTENANT ANDERS. HE IS THE LEADER OF THE MADARAS PATRIOTS!



A FEW HOURS LATER THE PATRIOT HUNTERS WERE DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS—LED ON BY AN UNSUSPECTING GUIDE.

ALMOST THERE, OUR WORTHY GUIDE CLAIMS!

WUNDERBAR! TROOPS WAIT TO BE DROPPED TO SUPPORT US AS SOON AS I SEND THE MESSAGE TO COMMAND. THE PARTISANS WILL HAVE NO CHANCE OF ESCAPE!



SOON KALAKOS HAD THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED WHAT THE WHOLE GERMAN OCCUPATION ARMY IN SOUTHERN CRETE HAD FAILED TO DO!



IN HIS TRIUMPHANT MOOD KALAKOS FORGOT AN ELEMENTARY FACT OF PRECAUTION. THE SOUND OF SHOTS CARRIES A LONG WAY...



THE STACCATO CRACKS OF THE SHOTS REVERBERATED THROUGHOUT THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES. INSTANTLY, ANDERS AND HIS MEN LEAPT INTO ACTION...



THE WEHRMACHT OFFICER HAD TAKEN COMMAND. HIS TROOPS ARMED THEMSELVES... THE REINFORCEMENTS WERE CALLED FOR...



Conquer—or Die!

BEFORE LONG, ANDERS AND HIS MEN WERE VERY MUCH AWARE THAT IT WAS NO MERE PATROL THAT HAD ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLED UPON THEIR MOUNTAIN CAMP.

THIS IS IT, LADS—
THE END OF OUR RUN!
ISSUE SPARE AMMUNITION—
ALL OF IT! WE'LL GIVE 'EM
A SCRAP THEY'LL NEVER
FORGET!



THE PARTISANS WERE BEYOND HELP, IT SEEMED—
ONLY ONE DESPERATELY WOUNDED YET DETERMINED
MAN AND A LAST SLIM CHANCE REMAINED....

GOT TO GET WORD OF
THESE TRAITORS TO THE
VILLAGE... GOT TO GET
OUT A WARNING...



Chapter 4 MAKE-SHIFT ARMY

THROUGH THE WANING HOURS OF DAYLIGHT THE FIGHT WENT ON....



THE GRIM SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE RAGING IN THE MOUNTAINS DRIFTED BACK TO THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE... AND THERE, HEARTS WERE SICK WITH GRIEF.



SUDDENLY THE STRICKEN VILLAGERS SWUNG ROUND AS URGENT, STUMBLING FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED BEHIND THEM....

A MAN FROM THE DEAD SURELY...?

DEAD NOTHING! HEAR THAT BATTLE IN THE MOUNTAINS? WE'VE GOT TO HELP OUR FRIENDS SOMEHOW!

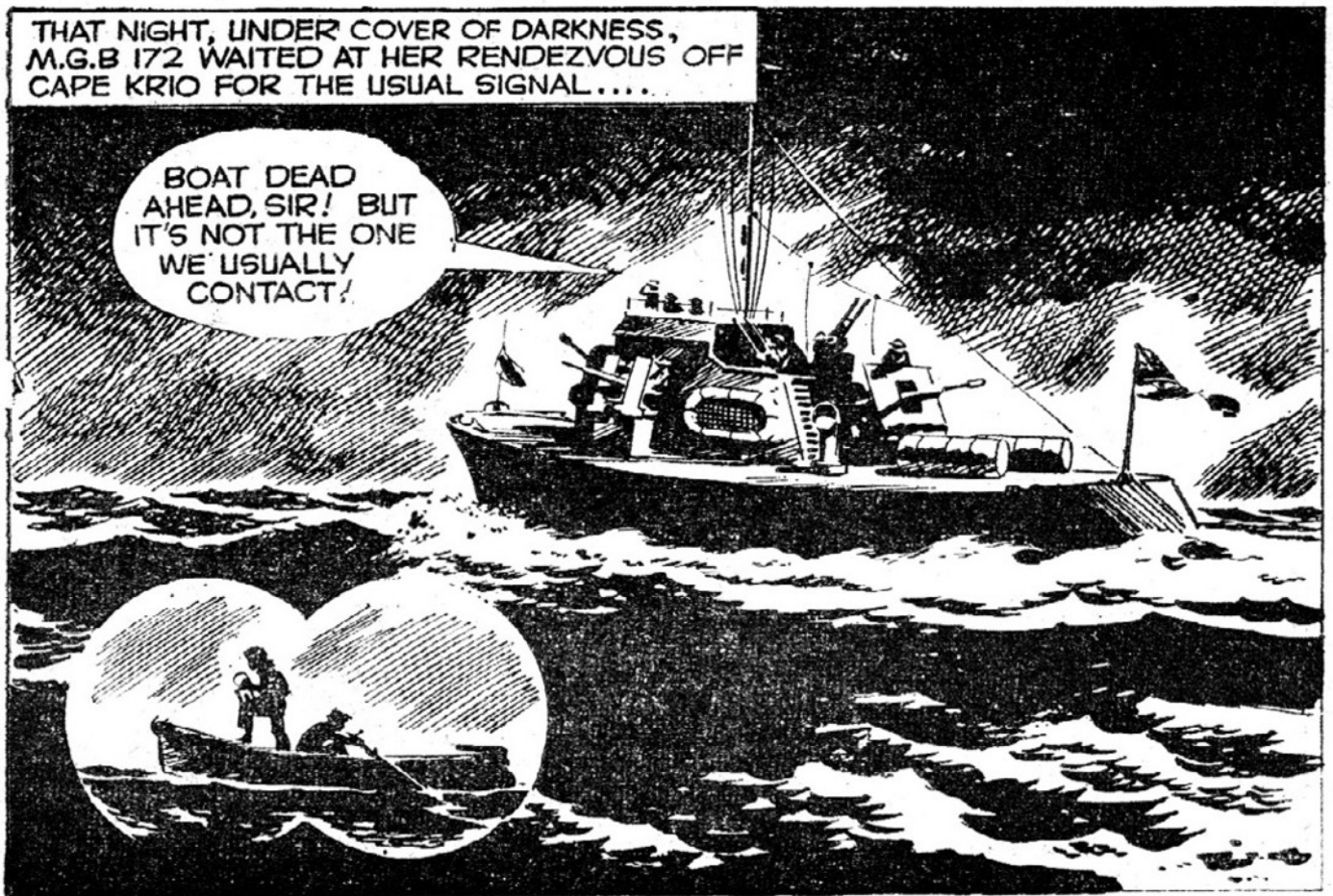
GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED AND EXHAUSTED THOUGH HE WAS, GLENN HAD THE SPIRIT OF THE UNCONQUERABLE.

WE WANT TO HELP, BUT WHAT CAN OLD MEN AND VILLAGE WOMEN DO?

A GUN BOAT IS DUE WITH SUPPLIES...WE MUST CONTACT THEM! THEY HAVE ARMS WE COULD USE AGAINST THE ATTACKERS!

THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, M.G.B 172 WAITED AT HER RENDEZVOUS OFF CAPE KRIO FOR THE USUAL SIGNAL....

BOAT DEAD AHEAD, SIR! BUT IT'S NOT THE ONE WE USUALLY CONTACT!





KEEP
WAVING IT,
ANDREAS. THEY
MUST SEE IT...
THEY MUST!

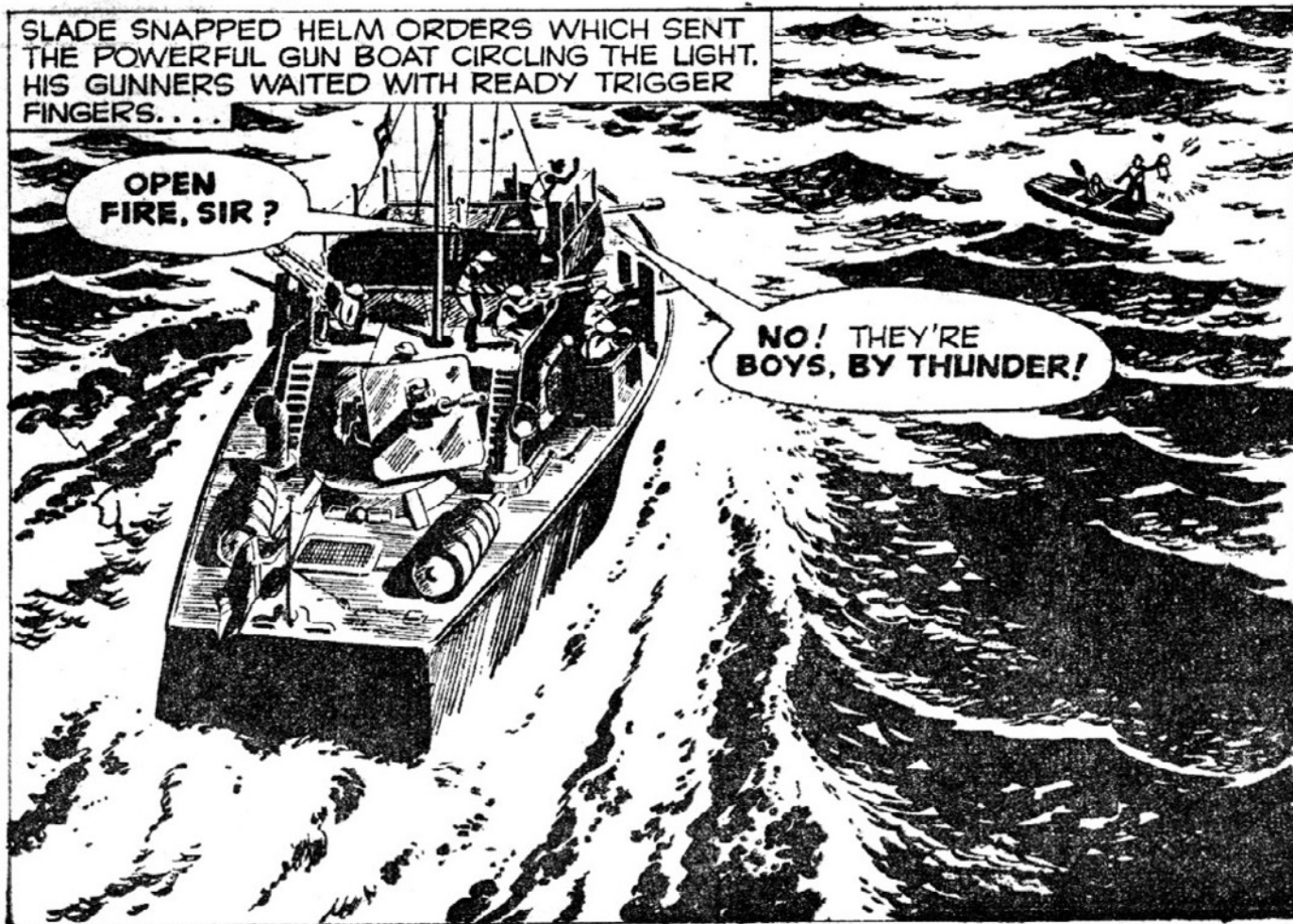
THE GUN BOAT WAS IN HOSTILE WATERS
AND THE SUDDEN UNORTHODOX SIGNAL
AT ONCE PROVOKED SUSPICION.



THAT'S
NOT OUR
SIGNAL, SIR!
IT'S NOT ANY
KIND OF A
SIGNAL!

IT COULD
BE A TRAP,
SIR!

SLADE SNAPPED HELM ORDERS WHICH SENT
THE POWERFUL GUN BOAT CIRCLING THE LIGHT.
HIS GUNNERS WAITED WITH READY TRIGGER
FINGERS....



OPEN
FIRE, SIR?


NO! THEY'RE
BOYS, BY THUNDER!

THE BOYS WERE TAKEN ABOARD THE GUN BOAT AND CLOSELY QUESTIONED BY SLADE. AND FROM THE EXCITED FLOOD OF GREEK AND ENGLISH WORDS THE LADS POURED UPON HIM, HE PIECED TOGETHER THE DESPERATE FLIGHT OF ANDERS AND HIS MEN. WITH GREAT SKILL, THE M.G.B. SKIPPER CONNED HIS CRAFT FROM MEMORY INTO THE MOUTH OF THE SEA CAVE....



A.B. GLENN TOLD OF WHAT HE INTENDED TO DO—WHAT HE CONSIDERED HE MUST DO!






IT WOULD BE BETTER THAN JUST WAITING TO HEAR THE WORST, SIR! THOSE PATRIOTS ARE OUR FRIENDS—SONS, BROTHERS AND HUSBANDS TO THESE PEOPLE. WE COULD REACH THEM BY DAWN—IF THEY STILL HOLD OUT! EVEN IF WE GET SPARE AMMUNITION TO THEM IT WOULD BE WORTH WHILE...

MM!
VERY WELL,
GLENN—WE'LL DO
WHAT WE CAN!

A CALL FROM SLADE FOR VOLUNTEERS TO FIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS BROUGHT A HEARTY RESPONSE FROM EVERY MEMBER OF HIS CREW...



LEAD US
TO 'EM, SIR!

THE FIRST
LIEUTENANT AND
HALF THE CREW MUST
REMAIN... READY TO
SAIL OUT OF HERE IF
THINGS GO WRONG!

SO THE MOST UNUSUAL FORCE EVER MUSTERED IN WORLD WAR TWO SET OUT THAT NIGHT TO BATTLE AGAINST THE ALL-POWERFUL GERMAN ARMY...



THE GOING WAS HARD—EVEN FOR THE FITTEST. GLENN, DESPERATELY EAGER TO MEET THE ENEMY AND BURNING FOR REVENGE, WAS RELUCTANTLY FORCED TO ADMIT THAT HE SHOULD BE LEFT BEHIND...



Conquer—or Die!

THE BESIEGED PARTISANS SAW WITH HAGGARD EYES THE DAWN COME UP — AND SOON THEY WERE FACING THE EXPECTED ATTACK UPON THEIR THINNING LINE . . .



THE ATTACKERS WERE ALREADY WELL AWARE OF HOW CORNERED PATRIOTS COULD FIGHT . . .



ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN BATTLEGROUND, SLADE AND THE VAN OF HIS LITTLE ARMY ARRIVED IN TIME FOR A GRANDSTAND VIEW OF WHAT WAS TO BE THE FINAL ATTACK...



BELOW US!
SEE—THE GERMANS
ATTACK!

RAPID FIRE!
THIS IS WHAT WE
CAME FOR!!

THE VICIOUS, UNEXPECTED CROSSFIRE RIPPED INTO THE FLANK OF THE GERMAN ATTACK—AND IT FALTERED IN SURPRISE—THEN BEGAN TO WITHER...

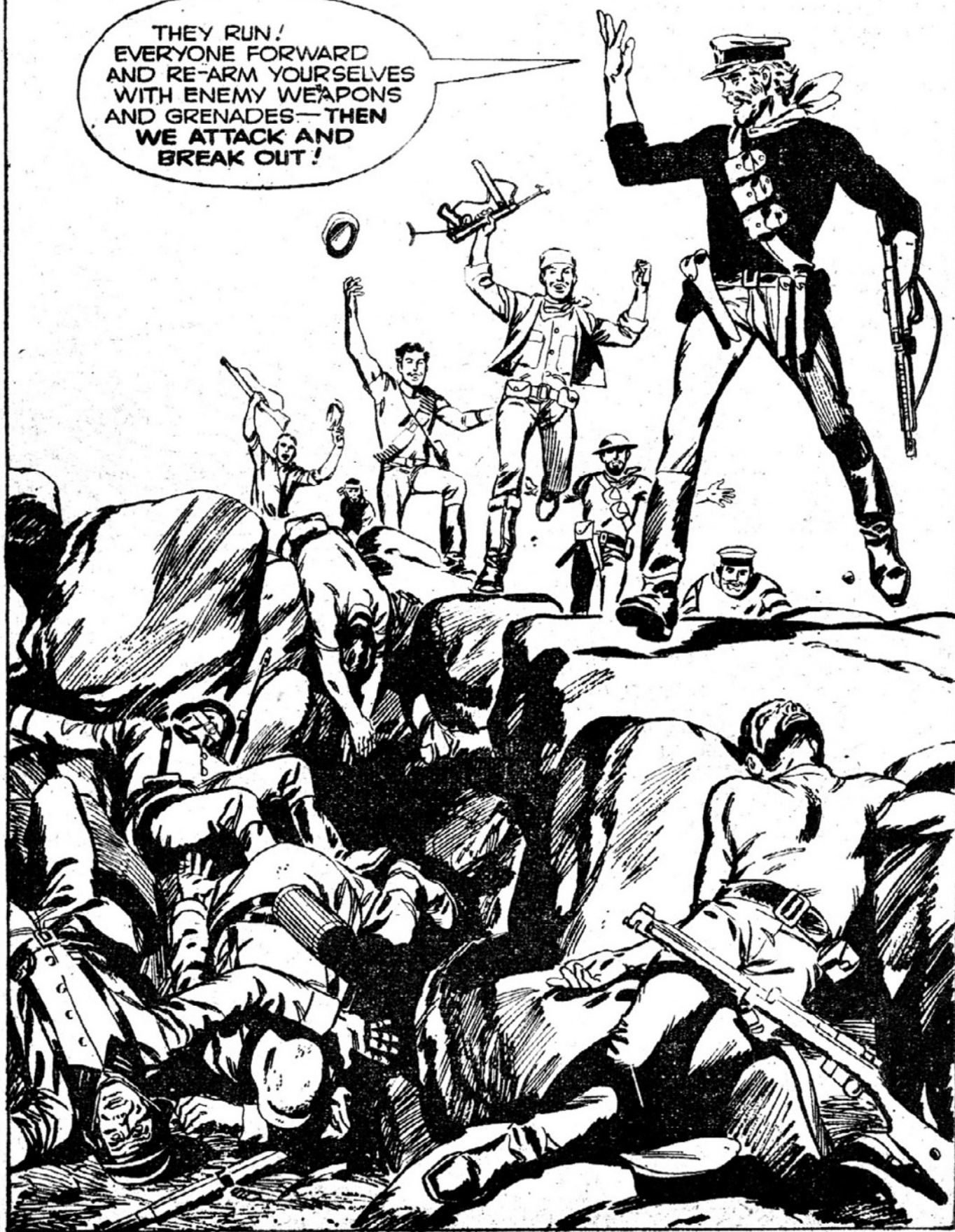


HIMMEL!
THE DOGS ARE
EVERYWHERE...
WE ARE
SURROUNDED!

FORWARD
TO VICTORY
....AAAAEEGH!

TO THE HARD-PRESSED DEFENDERS THE UNEXPECTED AID SEEMED NOTHING SHORT OF MIRACULOUS...

THEY RUN!
EVERYONE FORWARD
AND RE-ARM YOURSELVES
WITH ENEMY WEAPONS
AND GRENADES—THEN
WE ATTACK AND
BREAK OUT!



A VENGEFUL, NO-QUARTER BATTLE RAGED BETWEEN THE SURVIVORS OF THE LAST GERMAN ASSAULT AND SLADE'S IRREGULAR ARMY!

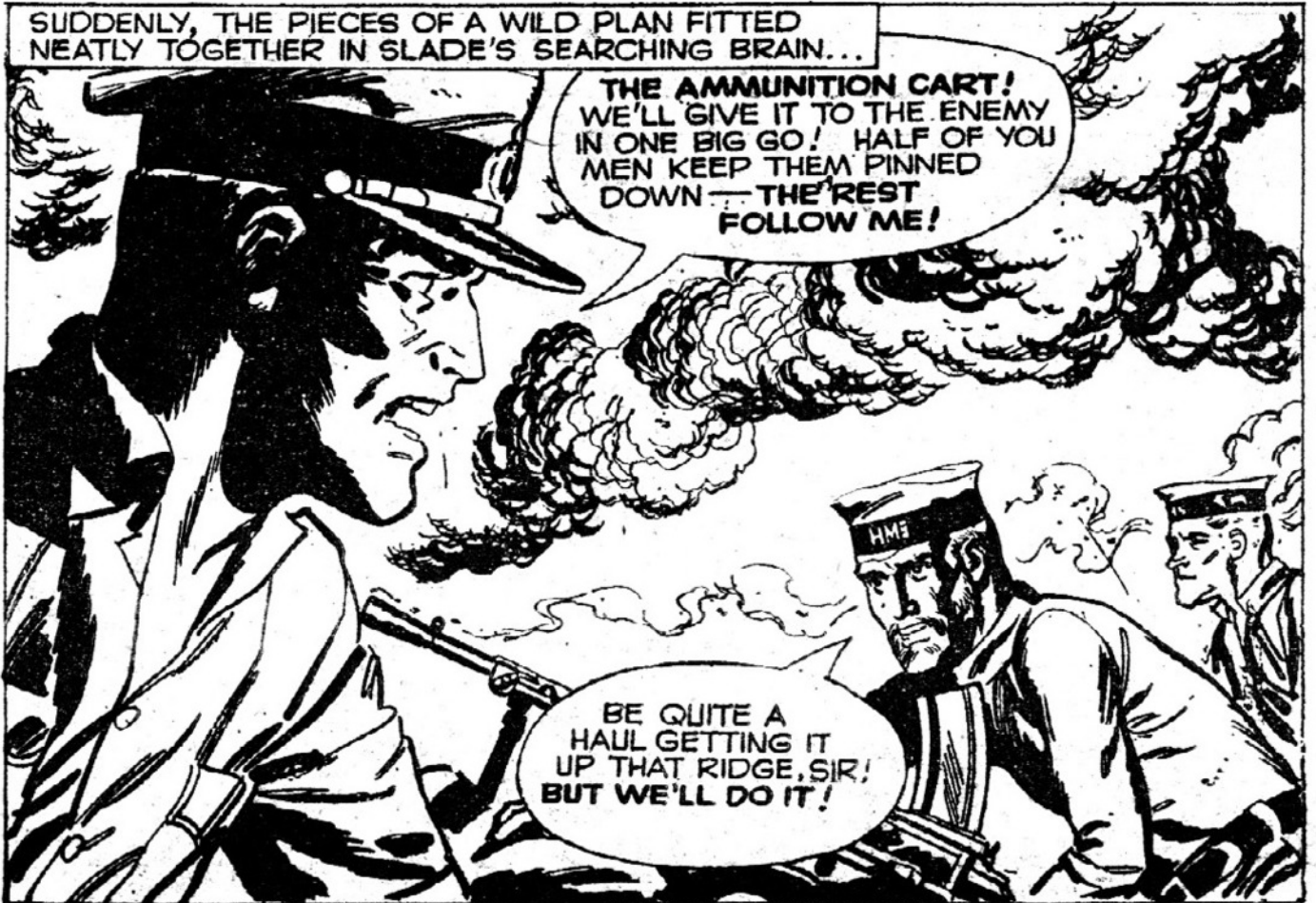
WE HAVE THEM CORNERED—
BUT HOW CAN WE FINISH THEM
DECISIVELY? TO HIT THEM FOR
SIX... IN ONE BIG EFFORT—
WITHOUT RISKING THE
LIVES OF THESE
VILLAGERS?



SUDDENLY, THE PIECES OF A WILD PLAN FITTED NEATLY TOGETHER IN SLADE'S SEARCHING BRAIN...

THE AMMUNITION CART!
WE'LL GIVE IT TO THE ENEMY
IN ONE BIG GO! HALF OF YOU
MEN KEEP THEM PINNED
DOWN—THE REST
FOLLOW ME!

BE QUITE A
HAUL GETTING IT
UP THAT RIDGE, SIR!
BUT WE'LL DO IT!



REALISING WHAT SLADE HAD IN MIND, WILLING HANDS AND STRAINING BACKS STRUGGLED TO PERFORM THE HERCULEAN TASK...



THE RIDGE GAINED, THE CARTLOAD OF AMMUNITION, GRENADES AND SABOTAGE EXPLOSIVES WAS PREPARED FOR ITS PLUNGE ON TO THE ENEMY BELOW...



SEIZED WITH TERROR, THE GERMAN TROOPS SAW THE FIERY MISSILE HURTLING DOWN UPON THEM...



ANDERS, FARGO, AND THE SURVIVING PATRIOTS STARED IN WONDER AT THE SCENE BEFORE THEM...



THE BLAZING CART DISINTEGRATED
IN ONE SEARING, BLINDING FLASH!



ROUTED AND COMPLETELY DEMORALISED, THE ENEMY SURRENDERED AND THE VICTORS JOINED FORCES ON THE MOUNTAIN BATTLEGROUND.



THE TREK TO FREEDOM BEGAN THROUGH THE FRIENDLY MOUNTAINS. THE PATRIOTS KNEW SO WELL...





BUT ABLE SEAMAN GLENN HAD ENJOYED A MOMENT OF GLORY...



BY NIGHTFALL, M.G.B. 172 WAS ON HER WAY BACK TO BASE WITH HER CARGO OF WOUNDED....

NEXT TRIP
I'M BRINGING
ALONG MY
MOUNTAINEERING
BOOTS!

ANDERS AND HIS MEN WERE SAFE...
ALREADY PREPARING TO CONTINUE THEIR
SECRET WAR AGAINST THE HATED
OCCUPIERS OF CRETE!

WE'LL RETURN
THIS STUFF TO
JERRY... IN A WAY
HE WON'T LIKE
AT ALL!

AND A SADDER, MUCH WISER
GESTAPO OFFICER STOOD
SILENT AS THE WRATH OF THE
GERMAN MILITARY GOVERNOR
DESCENDED UPON HIM...

A DISASTROUS
DAY'S WORK, YOU
INCOMPETENT FOOL!
AND FOR IT, WE HAVE
BOTH BEEN ORDERED
TO RETURN TO GERMANY!
YOU GESTAPO PEOPLE
WILL KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS FOR US!



CRETAN RESISTANCE NEVER CEASED UNTIL THE GLORIOUS DAY OF THE FINAL GERMAN SURRENDER. AN EARLY ARRIVAL AMONG THE LIBERATING ALLIED FORCE WAS AN OLD FRIEND—M.G.B. 172—MAKING HER FIRST DAYLIGHT TRIP TO THE BRAVE ISLAND SHE KNEW SO WELL ONLY IN DARKNESS...

JUST LOOK AT THAT SCRUFFY FARGO—WHAT WOULD THEY SAY IF THEY SAW HIM IN POMPEY BARRACKS!

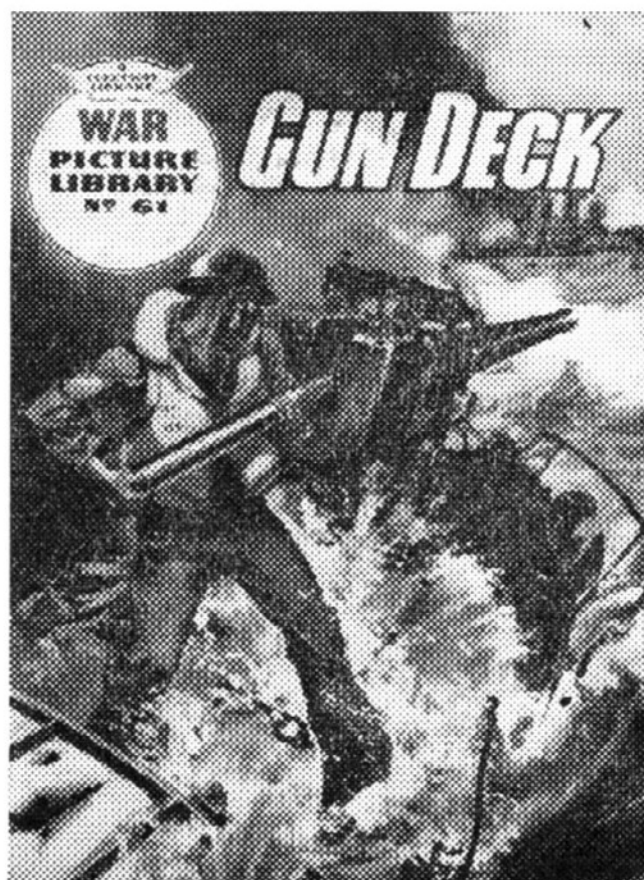
IT'S BEEN A LONG WAIT FOR THIS DAY! BUT FREEDOM IS WORTH WAITING FOR. THESE PEOPLE HAVE SHOWN IT'S ALSO WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

SUB-LIEUTENANT ANDERS AND A.B. FARGO REPORTING BACK FOR DUTY WITH THE ROYAL NAVY, SIR!

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FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

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MUSCLES Made Easy!

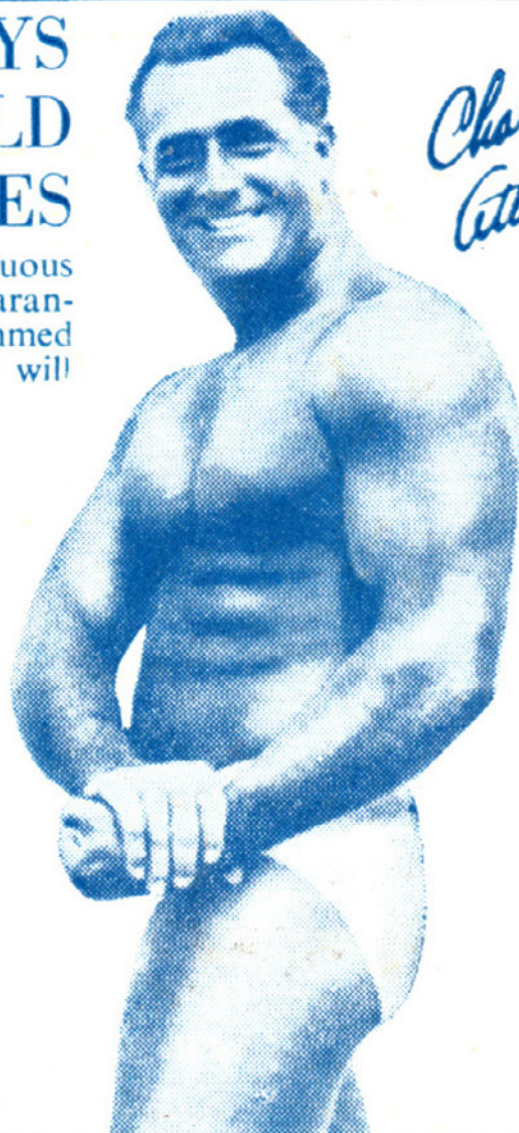
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NAME..... Age.....
(Capital Letters, Please)

ADDRESS.....